

# The PINKHOUND

Vol. 58 No. 19

Loyola College Baltimore, Maryland 21210

March 29, 1985

## Groundskeeper Strudwick takes over as president

By Kenny The Gardener

Strudwick, former head groundskeeper of Loyola, went on a violent rampage which led to the subsequent kidnapping of the beloved Joseph Sellinger, president of Loyola.

"It was something I had to do to preserve justice and carry on the American way," Strudwick said in an interview immediately following this phenomenal act of patriotism.

This rampage occurred as a result of an incident involving Strudwick and three resident students. Apparently, Strudwick was carrying on as usual, raking leaves up by the athletic field. He had these leaves in a nice orderly stack when the students passed. One of them thought it would be funny to drop his cigarette into the stack of leaves and see what would happen. Unaware of the natural gas pipe leakage underneath the stack, he tossed the cigarette. Strudwick and the leaves burst into a giant fireball.

Strudwick remembering those Dick Van Dyke fire commercials, quickly extinguished his flaming body by rolling on the ground.

After realizing his wool

Skipjacks cap had been burnt to a yellow crisp, the trade began. He said, "I'm going on my lunch hour now, got today's paper??? Who would have known this once mild-mannered groundsman would go home in a trade that mankind will not soon forget?"

He returned to the campus and decided the best thing to do would be to kidnap Sellinger.

Strudwick was spotted near the Andrew White Student Center, where bodies began to pile up. Although Strudwick was blamed for pile-up, it was actually the "meatloaf surprise" served by the SAGA staff not 10 minutes before Strudwick's return. Police later proved no bullet holes were found on any of the bodies, although traces of food poisoning were found in some. An investigation on this matter is pending.

Strudwick was like a cat stalking his prey, trying not to be distinguishable with his combat fatigues and steel-toed combat boots. Strudwick said, "Burn my hat, will they??!! as he approached his target. He finally stormed Sellinger's estate and crashed through the back door.

He apparently heard the

blaring tones of Iron Maiden's "Number of the Beast," and putting two and two together found Sellinger in the basement watching MTV on his new 16 foot satellite receiver.

Strudwick apparently tied Sellinger up after threatening him with a garden rake.

Alerted by Mary Joy, Sellinger's secretary the Baltimore City Police found Strudwick watching pro wrestling on the Madison Square Garden channel later that day. But the damage was done, Sellinger was psychologically damaged. He would not return as president.

Strudwick will take over as president. Strudwick then ordered that all groundsmen have a pay raise of 365 percent, and that student's tuition be lowered to \$516.32 per year.

Charges are still pending and Strudwick has been allowed to remain as president of Loyola College, until a full psychiatric evaluation has been completed. "I have no doubts that the doctors will find no changes in me,"

Strudwick said. He later raked the leaves in the backyard, unaware of any wrongdoing.



Til Strudwick has taken over as Loyola's president

## Greyhound cartoonist wins Pulitzer Prize

The first Pulitzer Prize ever to be awarded to a cartoon series was done so last Tuesday during activity period. In front of a packed Jenki Forum, Greyhound cartoonist K. M. McIntyre accepted the great honor for "Bullet and Brown" from the Pulitzer Prize Foundation Chairman, Ruth and Buzzy" I. Snootcock.

"I am honored and humbled," McIntyre modestly admitted to the thundering applause of the audience. "I owe it all to my pals Father Sellinger and Klowberly, without all the square people on this campus, who would even know 'Bullet and Brown' is funny?" he asked.

"Without their continued support and activity period I am afraid this all might never have happened," McIntyre said.

McIntyre's award winning strip comically teases the reader with snappy quips referring to the massive intake of alcoholic beverages at Loyola's campus. McIntyre specifically singles out beer for

his little character "Bullet."

"Of course it is all meant in fun," McIntyre said in his 90 minute acceptance speech (prepared, as usual). "But students have a serious problem on their hands when they have finished swimming through the fifteen minutes that the pool is open and have read The Greyhound cover to cover."

McIntyre suggested that the expanded amount of time left unfilled in a student's day only breeds hostility and frustration.

"It's not like anyone has to study or anything," McIntyre said. "I am attempting to break into that point in a man's life where all of society's demands has his back pinned up against a brick wall and the only thing to do is to reach for a cold one. That's where 'Bullet' comes in," he said.

McIntyre emphasized during his acceptance speech that he received all his inspiration from the famed Bazooka comic strip.

## Loyola invests in Ohio Savings

by my dog Bob

Loyola has invested its endowment heavily in the crippled Ohio Savings and Loan system. After intensive study of secret Loyola financial documents, The Greyhound has learned the college is now in litigation to regain all assets invested in the defunct system.

"Why, why, why!" screamed an indignant Joseph A. Sellinger, S.J., president of Loyola College. "I guess I simply did a little too much delegating this time," remarked Sellinger after regaining his composure.

Sources close to the top administration brass have let it be known that the college will be looking to raise tuition about \$5,000 a year to cover possible losses. Vice President for Administration and Finance J. Paul Melanson, stated, "It's none of your business; who gave those damn records to Frailey anyway!"

The present plan is to mortgage the new DeChiaro College Center in order to cover the costs of the loss.

Said Lisa LaGuardia, director of the College Center, "It's

a big building, so it's got a big mortgage. I just hope it's enough."

Several students were questioned about the crisis. A philosophy major, Albert Camus said, "I didn't know

we invested in anything, leave me alone!"

A business major, who, as usual, refused to be identified, said, "It figures, they should have put it in an I.R.A."

### People and Institutions invested in OHIO SAVINGS AND LOANS\*

Average Joes	2.8 million
Foolish Bobs	6.6 million
Very Silly People	10.4 million
World Wide Church of Steve	14.1 million
Morgan State University Athletics	21.2 million
People who buy by mail	48.6 million
LOYOLA COLLEGE	It's just too embarrassing

\* Figures as of January 25, 1985

### Inside this issue . . .

'Jessies go condo . . . page 4

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Tina Turner where did you get that hair . . . page 9

Sea dogs go under . . . page 16



# Kerry's portfolio . . .

OH NO! IT'S... THE SQUARE PEOPLE!

HI! I'M A SQUAREOLA ADMINISTRATOR, AND I'D LIKE TO RAISE YOUR TUITION 18 1/2%!

UWH!

GO AWAY... OR I WILL MOST CERTAINLY KILL YOU!

OH COME ON! WE... WE NEED THAT MONEY!... AND WE DON'T CHARGE AS MUCH AS SOME COLLEGES DO! HMPH!

HMM... WHICH ONE WOULD BE MOST APPROPRIATE?

KERRY M. MCINTYRE

A MONEY BAG... TO CRUSH YOU!!

NO! DON'T! I... I PROMISE I WON'T INVEST IN SOUTH AFRICA!! I PROMISE! I PROMISE!

BULLET & BROWN

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BROWN?

READING AN OLD ISSUE OF THE GREYHOUND...

WHY?

WELL, I WAS CONSIDERING GOING TO CLASS, AND I WANTED TO CATCH UP ON THE CAMPUS NEWS.

SO WHAT'S THE LATEST BEEF?

LOYOLA'S INVESTED IN SOME COMPANIES WITH BRANCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND SOME PEOPLE THINK THAT'S NOT VERY ETHICAL INVESTMENT PROCEDURE FOR A SCHOOL OR A PERSON

KERRY M. MCINTYRE

ETHICS? IN BUSINESS?!? BUSINESS ETHICS?!? ISN'T THAT A LITTLE LIKE JUSTICE FOR ALL? BULLET! STOP!

HAMBURGER STEAK!

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!

OH NO! IT'S... THE SQUARE PEOPLE!

HI! I'M A FRESHMAN AND I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND!

GO AWAY... OR I'LL KILL YOU!

OH PLEASE... I WANT A NEW FRIEND SO MUCH!!

ALL RIGHT... I WARNED YOU... NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

I WILL KILL YOU!

NO, NO, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

KERRY M. MCINTYRE

OH NO! IT'S.... THE SQUARE PEOPLE!

HI! I'M A SQUAREOLA STUDENT AND I'D LIKE TO OFFER SOME CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM!

EEK!

NO CRITICISM... OR... YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO!

BULLET & BROWN

BULLET STARS IN HIS FAVORITE BEER COMMERCIAL...

WHO SAYS YOU WON'T HIT THE SKIDS?... WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T HAVE WELFARE... AND 13 KIDS?!?

WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T DRINK TO EXCESS, WITHOUT IT COSTING A LOT?!?

WIEDEMAN LIGHT! WIEDEMAN LIGHT! HIT THE SKIDS!

OH YES YOU CAN...

KERRY M. MCINTYRE

WHERE YOU'RE GOING... IT'S WIEDEMAN!

BULLET AND BROWN

SO, BULLET, DID THAT FIRST TEST GET YOU BACK INTO THE SPIRIT OF CLASSES?

HELLO, I AM BULLET... PLEASE FIND MY EYELIDS.

YOU SEEM TO BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK! WHO IS THIS BALDING YET KINDLY STRANGER? CAN I GET YOU ANYTHING?

HEY, HOW ABOUT A NICE COLD BEER?

WUH?!?

K.M. MCINTYRE

ARE YOU BACK AMONG THE LIVING NOW BULLET?

I... I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT! GET THE BEER!



# Security adopts new system, uses escort service

by Sandy Secure

Two Loyola insecurity guards were robbed at gun-point in front of the Jesuit Residence on Sunday, just before the close of the 6:00 p.m. mass. No one was injured, but the female assailant absconded with a total of \$46, two watches, several pieces of jewelry and one of the guard's hats.

The thief, who has still not been apprehended, was described by one of the victims as "a short, perky blonde with bright blue eyes and a cute smile. She was wearing a plaid skirt with a white oxford blouse, knee socks and penny loafers."

The guards disagreed on her age, one said "about 16" and the other said "I think she was trying to look older than she was." She was armed with a small silver Derringer

which she claimed could "blow the brains out of an elephant."

The two guards, who have asked to remain anonymous, said they were taken by surprise as they patrolled the dangerous stretch of pavement between the Jesuit Residence and the DeChiaro College Center. "It was a real shock," said one guard, "We had stopped on the Jesuit residence for a smoke and she was just there. She flashed this gun at us and well, it might be unmasculine but I was damned scared."

The female assailant demanded that the guards hand over their wallets, watches, chains and rings. After collecting them and putting them in her Gucci bag, she left the guards standing with their hands on their heads. Apparently as an afterthought, she took a hat from

one of the insecurity guards.

While filing the police report, James Fitzsimmons, dean of student life, inquired about the hour and a half delay before notifying the authorities. "Well," said one victim, "We were pretty shaken up. We stopped at Corky's on the way to get something to calm us down." The police report also included a copy of breathalyzer results, which they refused to disclose to *The Greyhound*.

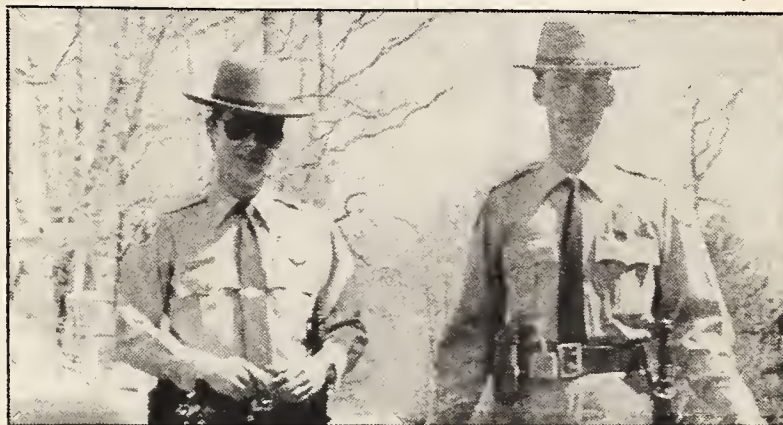
Commenting on the situation, James Fitzsimmons remarked "The situation is very grave. Our insecurity guards are brave men, I shudder to think of what a trauma those men must have faced for them to be so overwrought." Fitzsimmons has arranged for free counseling at Loyola's Counseling Center to help the guards overcome the deep

psychological trauma of this event.

As a result of this attack, insecurity will now be using insecurity escorts when going

across campus.

"We want our guards to be safe when escorting students across campus," said one guard.



Security guards now use the escort system while walking on campus

## Fields to host prom

This past weekend, Ted Miles, senior class president, announced plans to change the location of the Senior Prom from the Belvedere Hotel to Field's Old Trail, the small neighborhood bar on York Road near Bellona Avenue. Miles thought this to be a good choice for a number of reasons; first and foremost being the issue of the dangers of drunk driving. "The close proximity of Field's to Loyola makes it easier to stumble home when you're really loaded," Miles was heard to say during happy hour in the Rat.

Another factor prompting the change of location was Miles' understanding that many of Loyola's seniors frequent Field's.

The gala evening will include: 7-8 p.m. appetizers of Slim

Jims and beer nuts served with tequilla shooters.

8-9 p.m. main course of Field's world-famous Andy Capp's Hot Fries.

9p.m.-1a.m. dancing on Campbell Lane (adjacent to Field's) with musical entertainment provided by Field's juke box featuring up-to-date favorites such as "The Rodeo Song."

During the evening, the old piano at Field's will be available outside near the dance street in the event that students run out of quarters.

A cash bar will be available throughout the evening for all students with valid ID from any state except New Jersey.

The \$480 per couple ticket price did not seem unreasonable to either Miles or Mr. Yanchik, vice-president for student affairs.

## Sellinger finds alternative to parking



Sellinger, after trying to reason with security about his parking ticket, reacts by smashing an illegally parked car.

*This advertisement is NOT an April Fool's Hoax!*

## Tuesday, April 12

in the student center lobby.

## CSA/RAC Elections

Polling will take place from 9:00 a.m until 6p.m.

Results will be announced at 9:00 p.m. in the Rat.



# Policy uncompromised

by my dog Bob

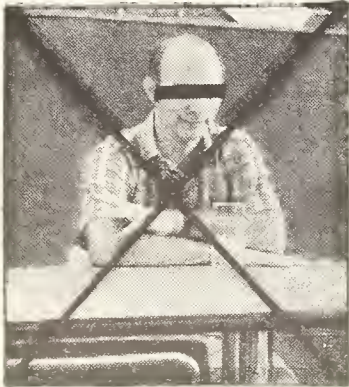
A startled but accepting College Council voted to continue "the vital process of accreditation" of the business school this week by ordering the immediate execution of two liberal arts faculty members. The faculty will be executed behind the DeChiario College Center today.

The shocked Council listened as Academic Vice President Thomas E. Scheye read a section of the creditation agreement that was listed under "double-secret, ultra-fine print." The section stated, "When an institution has reached a level of near-accreditation, it must remove all continuous and therefore organic obstacles on the accreditation matrix."

The Council began discussion on implementation of the section. One member suggested killing Philosophy professor Francis J. Cunningham would count as two professors because of his background in both biology and philosophy. Scheye dismissed this as not getting to the root of the problem.

Just then, Randall Donaldson, assistance academic vice president suggested that perhaps a social scientist would be a good

choice. Political Science Chairman William Kitchin was quickly nominated by the Council.



Carol Abromaitis, Chairman of the English/Fine Arts Department, thought there was a "moral and intellectual imperative involved" so the Council reacted by nominating her as well.

Kitchin asked for a delay but the best he could do was to strike a deal where he would execute himself at the post office, and then be post marked and sent to the execution site later.

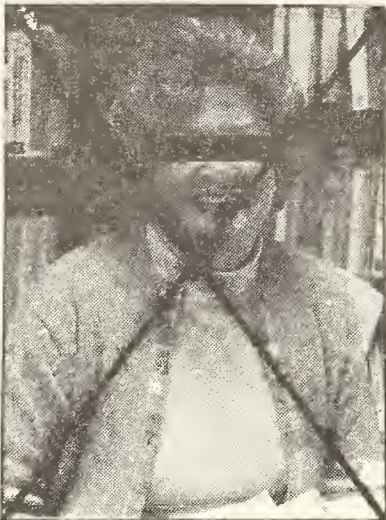
"Anyone can get to a post office, you've said it yourself Mr. Kitchin," stated Scheye.

The vote on the measure followed with Kitchin voting against it, and in a bizarre twist, Abromaitis abstaining.

"I guess I never understood what I was getting into when I voted for the business school," said Abromaitis as the blindfold was tied around her head.

Kitchin simply continued to mutter "Damn Yankee lawyers" over and over again.

Walter Holman, dean of the business school, smiled and said, "Efficient business policies well enforced. FIRE!"



hey wu

by Kitty Question

Each week fortunate passerbys on the Loyola campus answer interesting and timely questions on some of society's most pressing concerns. Always so ever-conscious of the eroding Baltimore city skyline, the Greyhound wondered what would happen if the Jesuit Residence went 'Condo'? So we asked;

"Couldn't you just picture the massive brown beams and whitewash refinished in a light stucco? Tear down that porch! Put in a putting green and some nice lawn furniture, maybe even a gazebo. And the glassed entryway with green tree stickers. . . oh, bomb it, lets see something in a nice arch. What about those shrubs! If you can even call them living, wouldn't you rather stroll around a nice fish pond teaming with fully-blossomed water lilies? And what is a 'lawn' without a breakfast bar? Where else could a student get a descent bloody mary hustling his way to a demanding morning schedule, we all know of the rigors associated with the dreaded 9:10 a.m. The Campus Ministries sign? Double yuck, gross! Perhaps something in a nice neon, fuschla is certainly all the rage. And for heavens sake don't forget skylights! Tons and tons of skylights. Besides being aesthetically appealing they are energy efficient. Just a dab of paint here, a snip of the lawn there and the 'Jezzies could have a whole new look for Fall '85. Do you think these changes are necessary? Will they enhance the campus? Will it put 4501 N. Charles on the map? Does your opinion really matter? Does anyone ever really read these questions?"

So we asked you, the students, the life-line, the very blood and soul of the campus, and this is what you said;



"No, I don't think so."  
Frank Lee Wright, '86,  
suicideince

## The Katherine Robinson Blow-up doll

Have your favorite A.S.L.C. President in your own home. Comes complete with Katherin doll, funky wig, cute house coat and a recording of her hit "If I'm elected." Send \$15.00 to I want Katherine.  
1905 Baltimore Station  
Baltimore MD 21210



AM I ANDROGYNOUS  
ENOUGH FOR YOU, CINDY?





# \*\*\*\*\*Features\*\*\*\*\*

## The Loyola McTheater

### Making the fine arts segment even longer

by Big McDeal

The Loyola College Fine Arts department has completed what may have been its most ambitious undertaking in its history. In what was described as a financial stroke of genius, the entire department has successfully merged with the McDonald's Corporation. "Some changes in the curriculum will have to be made," commented Dr. McAbro, chairperson of the fine arts department, "but we feel the merger will benefit the student body as well as the faculty and staff. For starters we won't have to travel so far for lunch since part of the deal called for a miniature McDonald's to be constructed in what used to be the art gallery. And that facility will make it much easier to serve refreshments at performances in the new McTheatre."

Sister McJock, director of the art gallery, didn't seem to mind being displaced by the change. "We can still display artwork in the restaurant as long as it follows the McDonald-land theme."

Former director of the Nevergreen Players productions, Jim McDockery, has agreed to take on the new and more challenging role of mascot in McTheatre under the guise of Dickery McDockery. "I'm sure my years of acting experience will be beneficial to my new position. And the golden arches

we've seen onto the red curtain on stage in McTheatre will help me get into the part."

The new courses in the drama department will be "McDonald-land Drama I" in which students will learn to portray simpler roles like McFries and the Grimace. "McDonald-land Drama II" will move on to more advanced parts such as Mayor McCheese and the Hamburglar.

The writing department will add classes in writing commercial scripts for McDonald's which will work closely with a filming class taught by Ed McRoss.

The first visible sign of the change was the addition of a new sign for the McTheatre along the walkway between the Jesuit residence and the McFine Arts Wing. The new restaurant in the art gallery on the lobby level was opened this past Friday for lunch. Business was good for its first day, but manager Mary McAtherton hoped that as news of the restaurant spread, there would be an increase in customers. The new menu includes items such as Chicken McChunk, pepperoni McZza, and McWeideman's.

Mike McAvia, technical director of McTheatre, feels at home with the addition of McDonald's. "It's like gaining a whole new Mcfamily."

Dr. McAbro and Dickery McDockery both hope they'll see you at McTheatre mcssoon.

## Jesuit Residence basement goes aquatic

by I. P. Rainwater

A combination of heavy rains over the past weekend and an overflowing bathtub in the Jesuit residence cause severe flooding in the basement of the historic tudor mansion. Fr. Higgins, one of the senior residents, was the first to notice dampness in the southern end of the basement in the early morning hours of Saturday, March 23. Thinking somewhat quickly, Fr. Higgins "ran" through the residence, aroused the other priests and organized them into a bucket brigade. After several hours of agonizing labor the waters continued to rise. In desperation, Fr. Sobierajski waded over to Fr. Higgins and requested him to stand on the back porch and be an inspiration for the others. Fr. Higgins mounted the porch, raised his arms and tried to affect a parting of the waters. At that moment the bathroom on the first floor of the residence col-

lapsed, dumping hundreds of gallons into the basement—adding to the deluge. Fr. Burnett, in his haste to join the bucket brigade, had left the bathtub running. As obvious defeat faced the bucket brigade, they bagged the bale-out decided to go with the flow and Fr. Higgins commenced his search for two animals of every kind.

In a touching ceremony on Sunday morning, Fr. Sellinger rededicated the southern end of the Jesuit Residence as "Drownstage." Among other points in the festivities, Fr. Sellinger announced plans to stock "Drownstage" with various species of aquatic life and initiate a new lecture series. The guest speaker list will include Jacques Cousteau, Mrs. Paul, and Captain Chesapeake.

The north side of the basement (what used to be the Theology department) will now be used for baptisms and the holy water supply for the Baltimore diocese.



## Hello, Wally! introduces the Beav

by Eddie Haskell

The Nevergreen Players spring musical for 1985 will burst onto the stage in McTheatre on April 18th with a production of "Hello Wally."

The story involves life in a turn-of-the-century suburb through the eyes of Wally Cleaver and his younger brother Beaver. The boys live in a small suburban town outside of New York City and go to the big city for a day of excitement.

Wally and Beaver vow they won't go back home until they've each kissed a girl, which in a city like New York, can cause problems. It does. Wally meets a girl on a corner named Miss Molly and sings "It Only Took A Moment..." and "I Put My Hand In."

Beaver, in the meantime, wanders about the streets of New York singing

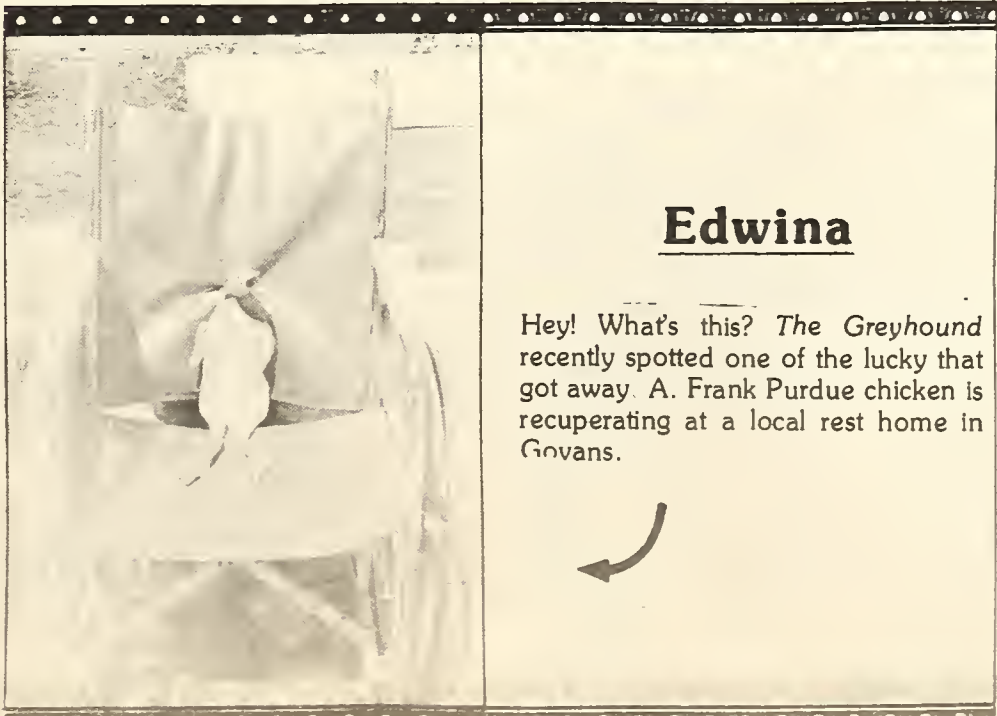
"Put On Your Baseball Glove." After what seems like hours of marching back and forth on stage, Beaver stops at the Pneumonia Gardens for a snack. When he can't pay the bill he runs out the door only to be arrested.



Hans Mair will portray Ward Vandercleaver in *Hello, Wally!*

In jail he is reunited with his brother, who has been arrested with Miss Molly, and sings a tearful rendition of the title song "Hello Wally." I don't want to ruin the ending for any potential new patrons to McTheatre but the show does include some of the old classic lines like, "Ward, don't you think you were a little hard on the Beaver last night?" and, "Gee, Wally, Mom's gonna be real sore." Any true Beaver fan won't miss it!

Also watch this summer for "Wynnewood Story," a musical about a gang of teens in conflict with neighboring senior citizens.



## Edwina

Hey! What's this? *The Greyhound* recently spotted one of the lucky that got away. A. Frank Purdue chicken is recuperating at a local rest home in Govans.



## The Mad Dog Awards

# 1984-85: The Year In Rock

### The Bad News

Marvin Gaye was shot dead by his father.  
Record prices go up.  
Alan Hunter is still on MTV.  
The Ravyns still get airplay

### The Good News

Boy George got a haircut  
Box of Frogs, Deep Purple reunite  
Huey Lewis won against Ray Parker Jr. for stealing his chord changes.  
I got U-2 tickets.

### Best Hypes

The Jacksons Tour  
The Honeydrippers  
Spinal Tap

### Worst Hypes

MTV Awards  
MTV exclusive videos  
Wham!

### Best Videos

Lindsay Buckingham, "Go Insane"  
Van Halen, "Hot For Teacher"  
ZZ Top, "Legs"  
Billy Squier, "Rock Me Tonight"  
Motley Crue, "Too Young To Fall In Love"

### Worst Videos

Bruce Springsteen, "Dancing In The Dark"  
Cyndi Lauper, "Money Changes Everything"  
Peter Wolf, "Lights Out"  
Billy Ocean, "Loverboy"

### Best Rock Movies

This Is Spinal Tap  
Purple Rain

### Worst Rock Movies

Hard To Hold  
Streets Of Fire  
Give My Regards To Broad Street



Paul and Linda stifle yawns at the *Give My Regards To Broad Street* premiere

### Best Impersonation of a Muppet

Cyndi Lauper  
Dee Snider



Cyndi Lauper wins for "Best Impersonation Of A Muppet"

### One-hitters

Peter Schilling  
Rockwell  
Re-Flex  
Nena  
Howard Jones  
Wang Chung  
Talk Talk  
Dwight Twilley  
Naked Eyes

### Missing In Action

Adam Ant  
Bow Wow Wow  
Marianne Faithfull  
Debbie Harry  
Men At Work  
Warren Zevon  
Heaven 17

### How Can We Miss You If You Won't Go Away?

Grateful Dead, Jethro Tull, Jefferson Starship, Chicago



Madonna - Enough already!

### Eight Things We've Had Enough Of

Breakdancing  
Cyndi Lauper  
Madonna dress-alikes  
Neon and lace accessories  
Michael Jackson  
Cover bands in Baltimore  
David Lee Roth solo albums  
Bruce Springsteen



Spinal Tap makes an amazing comeback to their heavy metal fans

### Credit Where Credit Is Due

Robert Hazard, "Girls Just Want To Have Fun"  
Robbie Hyman, "Time After Time"  
Dan Hartman, "I Can Dream About You"  
Rod Temperton, "Thriller"

### Happy 40th Birthday To:

Jimmy Page  
Jeff Beck  
Roger Waters  
David Gilmour  
Ray Davies  
Roger Daltrey  
John Entwistle  
Diana Ross  
Randy Newman (who cares, anyway?)  
Dave Edmunds  
Jon Anderson  
Peter Tork

### Motto Of The Year

Rock Hard, Ride Safe, a message from 98 Rock

## The Senior Class Presents:

# TRIP TO ETHIOPIA

April 3-15, 1985

### Trip Will Include:

- Sun-bathing on famed drought-ridden African plains
- Standing in authentic Ethiopian bread lines
- Free copy of "USA for Africa" single to enjoy on the journey
- Tour of Ethiopian government buildings with seven course banquet to follow

All are welcome, but food is limited!

A bag lunch is recommended!



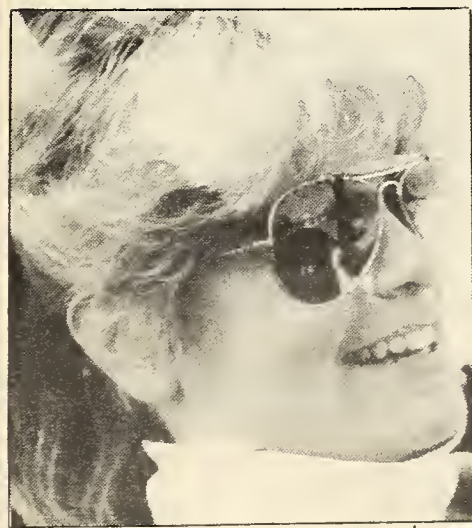
# GREYHOUND

# HOWL



## Michael "Keebler" Avia

**Age:** 23.75  
**Birthplace:** Easton, Pennsylvania  
**Occupation:** Production Manager  
**Current Home:** Theater  
**Marital Status:** Willing and able  
**Working On:** College degree  
**Worst Job:** The Greyhound  
**My Worst Date:** President's Ball date  
**Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** Ghostbusters  
**I Try to Stay Home and Watch:** Super T.V.  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately:** War and Peace  
**Favorite Pig-out Food:** Pizza  
**Favorite Performers:** Rush, Judas Priest, ELP  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** I never had a childhood  
**If I Had a Child, I'd Teach Him to:** Use a computer  
**My Fantasy Is:** Too bizarre to print  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Gave Me Was:** Everything she said  
**People in High School Thought I Was:** Short and had a beard  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** December 19, 1984  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Growing old  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself, I:** Drink  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** performing  
**The Worst Time of My Life:** The news editor  
**The Best Time of My Life:** Soon to be upcoming!  
**My Favorite Toy:** Madelyn Scarpulla and her whips and chains



## Holly "Peanut" Hall

**Age:** Legal  
**Birthplace:** Pinehurst Country Club, N.C.  
**Occupation:** Photography editor  
**Current home:** Club Med- not to be confused with club photo  
**Marital Status:** Already celebrating anniversaries  
**Working on:** The perfect Bloody Mary hangover cure  
**Worst Job:** Taking pictures for Colleen  
**Worst Date:** Oct. 26 - The night I got busted with Jim Kennelly

**Last good movie:** E.T.  
**I try to stay home and watch:** Snoopy and the Red Baron fly around my apartment  
**The book I have been Recommending:** "Invitations to Thinking"  
**Favorite Pig-out food:** Mussels (from the shell, of course)  
**Favorite Performers:** Don "Metro," my boyfriend and Tina Turner, I try to have her hair  
**If I had a child I'd teach him to:** drive a stick  
**My fantasy is:** approaching reality  
**The worst advice my mother ever gave me was:** buy off the rack

**People who knew me in high school thought I was:** totally spazzed  
**My most irrational act was:** all my acts are rational to me, "I think, therefore I do"  
**My worst fear is:** buying polyester  
**When I am feeling sorry for myself I:** go looking for Jim Kennelly  
**Nobody would believe me if they saw me:** turn Jim Kennelly down  
**The worst time of my life:** before I discovered Scotch  
**The best time of my life:** flirting with Jim Kennelly  
**Favorite Toy:** the fox that farts in my face on my BMW

## Carolyn "Kitty" Davis

**Age:** Almost legal  
**Birthplace:** Topeka, Kansas (remember Dorothy?)  
**Occupation:** Managing Editor (although bellman is a closer career goal)  
**Current Home:** Playa Merritta (I'll send you a postcard Sue Hellen)  
**Marital Status:** Seeking  
**Working On:** Stock option plans at the mid-town Yacht club with Editor Sue  
**Worst Job:** Running a 24-hour Wynnewood phone counseling center  
**Worst Date:** 1919 - that's when prohibition began and it has all been

downhill since  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** They don't have movies in the mid-west, just Bingo at the VFW  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** My plants die  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** The Bible  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Bread

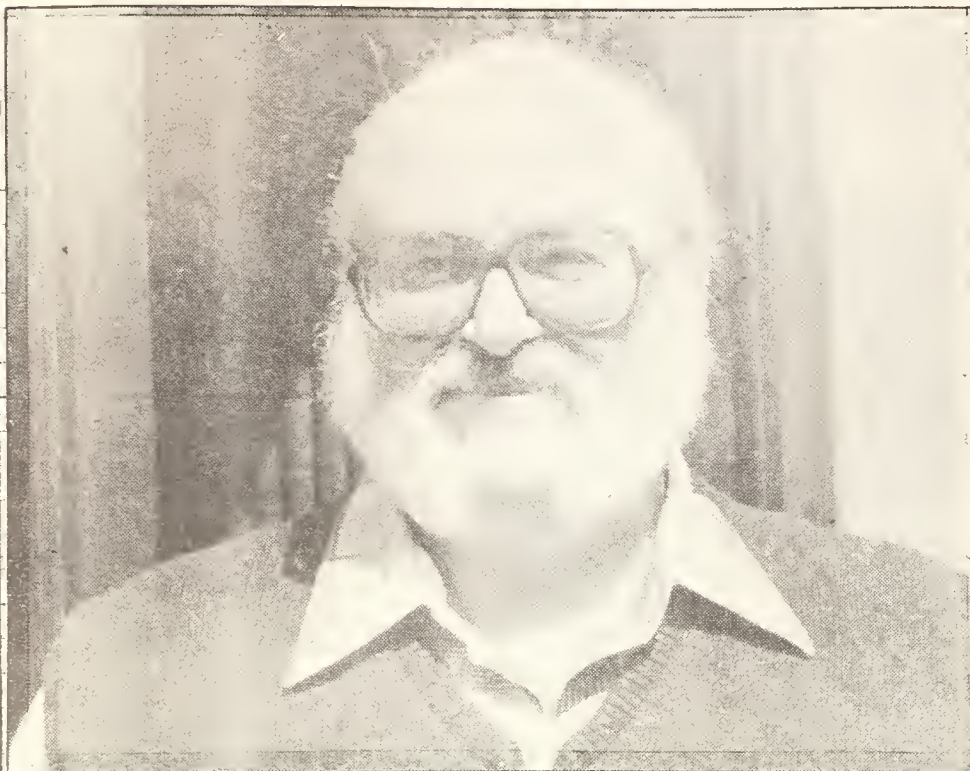
**Favorite Performers:** Kate Pierson of the B-52's, she's my role model  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** Buying my first bottle of Giorgio  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Never ever drink a Weidemann's beer, no matter how desperate he gets  
**My Fantasy Is:** Pretty expensive, I see a lot of sun, surf and vice-action

**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** Stay virginal  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Virginal  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Moving east  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Never meeting Dr. Right  
**When I Am Feeling Sorry For Myself:** I eat Lean Cuisine until I puke and cry at my soap opera  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Acting depressed  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** I've never had a bad time  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Is reaching inebriation  
**My Favorite Toy:** Anything from gum machines





# GREYHOUND



**Andrew "Rudy" Ciofalo**

**Age:** Nuclear  
**Occupation:** Head waiter  
**Current Home:** New Jersey Turnpike  
**Marital Status:** Black belt  
**Working On:** My marital status  
**Worst Job:** Cleaning the house  
**Worst Date:** May 1 and December 1, when I clean the house  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** *Beach Blanket Bingo*  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** The dustballs  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Webster's International Dictionary  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** A to Z  
**Favorite Performer:** Me  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** My appointment to Loyola faculty

**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Roll over, play dead, fetch and beg  
**My Fantasy Is:** Waking up as a thin gorilla  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** Try it, you'll like it  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Bald.  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Subscribing to Vogue magazine  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Scoring less than 1050 on the SAT's  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Start with one martini...  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Putting on my socks  
**The Worst Time Of My Life Was:** Post-natal  
**The Best Time Of My Life Was:** Pre-natal  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** Terri



**Madelyn "Mad Dog" Scarpulla**

**Age:** 21 and counting backwards from here  
**Birthplace:** The city of brotherly love  
**Occupation:** Co-Features Editor (although I always make Tina stay later on Thursday nights)  
**Current Home:** The Breakfast Nook  
**Marital Status:** Yes  
**Working on:** Concocting *Unscented* Extra Super-Hold Aqua Net  
**Worst Job:** My first waitress job - I dropped a lit candle on an old lady's lap.

**Worst Date:** I went out with this 6'4" culturalist from New Jersey who wouldn't let me get out of his car until he walked around to the passenger's side to open the door for me  
**Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** This Is Spinal Tap  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** WKRP and David Letterman  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Mine, although not yet written  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Cheese-filled Combos  
**Favorite Performers:** You don't know by now?  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** Throwing my famous tantrums  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Throw tantrums  
**My Fantasy Is:** Your typical rock star dream  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** Everything she said  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Joan Jett  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Not firebombing the people who live upstairs from me  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** An unexplained fright of balloons  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Stop feeling sorry for myself  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Paying a cover charge  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Was the year I was a Business major  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Is coming soon to a theatre near you  
**Favorite Toy:** Whips and chains



**Terri "I'm A Little Gold Mine" Ciofalo**

**Age:** 19 and holding  
**Birthplace:** Brooklyn, I think. Borough hall can't find my birth certificate  
**Occupation:** Business Manager and part-time Easter Bunny  
**Current Home:** The roach infested side of Wynnewood Towers  
**Marital Status:** At present, that is an open-ended question  
**Working On:** Three weeks of back laundry  
**My Worst Job:** Sweating in a furry rabbit suit for five hours and trying to sweetly convince tiny children that I really am the Easter Bunny  
**My Worst Date:** July 31 (my mother's birthday)  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** Woody Allen's *Sleeper*, 1974  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** The A-Team  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Star Trek, Log 3  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Bisquick Biscuits and Skor Bars  
**Favorite Performers:** Barney Rubble (What an actor!)

**Favorite Childhood Memory:** I was beaten so often that I don't remember anything  
**If I had a child I'd teach him to:** Do my laundry  
**My Fantasy Is:** Doing a "reaction shot" with Captain James Kirk  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** If you want a job in the newspapers, go into advertising! (Oh the fool!)

**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Short (How wrong they were!)

**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Coming back to Loyola for a second year  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Being mistaken for a Republican  
**When I'm feeling sorry for myself I:** Look at pictures of starving children and realize how lucky I am to be an American  
**Nobody would believe me if they saw me:** Dressed in anything besides faded jeans, an extra-large shirt and messy hair  
**The worst time of my life was:** The day I found out that Mr. Spock was really just a human with fake ears  
**The Best Time of My Life:** Is hopefully on its way!  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** My Teddy Bear



**Mike "Mr. Fun" Kennelly**

**Age:** 21 in Baltimore, 19 in New York and 18 in Georgetown  
**Birthplace:** Harlem Hospital  
**Occupation:** Assistant Sports Editor  
**Current Home:** Beth's apartment  
**Marital Status:** Avoiding it at all costs  
**Working On:** Avoiding Colleen Lilly  
**Worst Job:** Working with Colleen Lilly  
**Worst Date:** A grain party in Charleston  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** Mask, it reminded me of my brother Jim

**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Stasia McGarvey's Guide to a Fun Semester  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Beer  
**Favorite Performers:** Colleen Lilly and anyone with her from what I've heard. She sent Aaron to the hospital  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** The day my brother Jim went away to college  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Stay away from Colleen Lilly  
**My Fantasy Is:** The Greyhound women and maraschino cherries and whipped cream  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** Your brother won't hurt you  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought:** How the hell did he get into college?  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Letting Colleen Lilly close the door to the news office  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Colleen Lilly - but it's not irrational  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Look at my Colleen Lilly picture and laugh  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Dating Colleen Lilly  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Is in the news office with Colleen Lilly  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Is getting out of the news office  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** My Colleen Lilly Voodoo doll





### Jim "the -ano male" Vitrano

**Age:** Like a cheap wine  
**Birthplace:** Somewhere in Balmer  
**Occupation:** Editorial Page Editor (Laying down crooked headlines)  
**Current Home:** I don't have to answer that  
**Marital Status:** None of your business  
**Working On:** Filling out "Up Close and Personal With" Form  
**Worst Job:** Cutting off shrimp heads at Phillip's Seafood house "We make your day at Phillip's, the Seafood Adventure"  
**My Worst Date:** Well, actually, it was a box of raisins, not dates  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** Interjections, on Saturday morning  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** I Married Joan  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Fran Hall's *Removing the Contact Lens While Walking The Dog*  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Um, those brussel sprouts  
**Favorite Performers:** The Chia-pet Revue  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** Wishing I was grown up

**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Grow up  
**My Fantasy Is:** Unattainable in human form  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** To make my bed. I mean, you just wreck it again the next night  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** One of those people who'd end up filling out a form like this  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Trying to compute pi to its last digit  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** That gum takes seven years to digest. If so, I've got about 4150 years of digestion to go after I die  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Play a recorded Ward Cleaver lecture  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Through their ears instead of their eyes  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Is 6:32 in the morning  
**The Best Time Of My Life Was:** When I was a member of a game show audience and got to scream "Wheel...Of Fortune!"  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** My autographed copy of *Das Kapital*



### Beth "Buffy" Wagner

**Age:** 19 and trying like hell to make 20  
**Birthplace:** Glen Burnie, although I always say Severn so as not to embarrass myself  
**Occupation:** Sports Editor, sometimes Candy Girl and Seadog enthusiast  
**Current Home:** The Ahern Icebox  
**Marital Status:** Depends on who's asking  
**Working On:** Altering my perception and then getting over it  
**My Worst Job:** Working with sickeningly happy engaged couples at La Fontaine Bleu  
**My Worst Date:** Any date is okay with me  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** *You And Your Body* in sixth grade health class  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** My neighbors  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** Emily Post's *Complete Guide to Etiquette*  
**Favorite Pig-out Food:** Reese's Peanut Butter Cup Sundae at Friendly's

**Favorite Performers:** Bruce "the man I'm going to marry" Springsteen  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** Taking candy from strangers and then running like hell  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** shop at the Limited  
**My Fantasy Is:** To be at one with the universe or any good looking guy  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me:** To tell her everything  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Someone else  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Becoming Assistant Production Manager for a week  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** going to class  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Get a pizza from Armand's and call everyone I know and cry all night  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Not smoking  
**The Worst Time Of My Life Was:** My pre-checking account era  
**The Best Time Of My Life Was:** Certainly not now!  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** Toby, my Teddy Bear and my new car

## THE PARTY ANIMALS





# GREYHOUND



Left to right, Tina Carignano, Sue Winchurch, Colleen Lilly

## Sue "Do You Take VISA" Winchurch

**Age:** 22 going on 45  
**Birthplace:** Ashamed to say  
**Occupation:** Editor-in-chief, editorial assistant of *The Daily Record*, Sunday school preacher, president of the "I Want Paul Turner but refuse to share him" fan club, and part-time dancer at the Two O'Clock Club  
**Current Home:** The Rat  
**Marital Status:** Funny you should ask!  
**Working On:** Stock option plans at the mid-town Yacht club with managing editor Carolyn  
**Worst Job:** Presidency of Paul Turner fan club... (It's just so hard to share him!)  
**Worst Date:** Did I ever have one?  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** A peep show  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** My cosmetic collection grow and grow and grow...  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Bread  
**Favorite Performers:** Ron Parnell

and the Loyola Security Guards  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** Getting my VISA at age five and buying my first eye-shadow  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Never wear polyester!  
**My Fantasy Is:** To be asleep when the sun comes up on Friday morning  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** Go to law school  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** A virgin but they thought that in grammar school too.  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Buying something at Caldor  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** That the red and green insect I once found in my room will one day return to haunt me  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Go shopping, and shopping, and shopping  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Shopping at Caldor  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Was when I didn't have my VISA  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Was the 28 days before my first Bamberger's bill  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** The Authority Bonnet and Big Wood Blocks

## Tina "the -ano female" Carignano

**Age:** 21.875  
**Birthplace:** Bawlamer  
**Occupation:** Co-Features Editor (the one who stays late on Thursday nights)  
**Current Home:** Betty and Dom's place  
**Marital Status:** You mean I may actually have one?  
**Working On:** Growing my rat tail REAL long, trying to be a punk and a prep at the same time  
**Worst Job:** Cleaning up slimy tables at Frank's Deli  
**My Worst Date:** My blind date that was half deaf  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** Every one of them that I've seen for free in the past four years  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** My money  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** "Truly Tasteless Jokes"  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Dorito's with Frito's Cheese Dip  
**Favorite performers:** The New Zoo Revue with Doug and Emmy Jo  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** The day I got my braces off

**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Make people think he was filthy rich  
**My Fantasy Is:** To have a torrid love affair in Europe with a filthy rich man  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** To never let boys get fresh with you - Geez!  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Tina Carignano  
**My Most Irrational Act Was:** Becoming an editor for *The Greyhound*  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Law school and meeting up with Ronald McDonald and the Hamburglar face to face  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Apologize  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** Getting sick in Sue Winchurch's mother's china coffee cup  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Was memorizing 50ft cases for my Constitutional Law course at Hopkins  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Is right now while I can get away with being irresponsible because I'm "only a student"  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** Black's Law Dictionary and the Mercedes that I'll get because I memorized Black's Law Dictionary

## Colleen "Col" Lilly

**Age:** 20 going on 12  
**Birthplace:** Baynesville - but . don't tell anyone  
**Occupation:** News editor, but I double as a primal therapy participant  
**Current Home:** The news office. All I need is a bed and it's home  
**Marital Status:** I wish I knew  
**Working On:** Growing up, my grades, and finding my car keys  
**My Worst Job:** Making sure Sue has panty hose Friday mornings and finding writers  
**My Worst Date:** I'm still waiting for my first date  
**The Last Good Movie I Saw Was:** A long time ago  
**I Try To Stay Home And Watch:** The dishes grow  
**The Book I've Been Recommending Lately Is:** *Return of the Moose*, it's got a great plot and pictures too  
**Favorite Pig-Out Food:** Coke  
**Favorite Performers:** Tom Scheye at College Council, Jim Kennelly and the ASLC; must I always talk about myself?  
**Favorite Childhood Memory:** I haven't had it yet  
**If I Had A Child I'd Teach Him To:** Write news and drink soda (without the rum, of course)  
**My Fantasy Is:** Sorry, I can't tell you this one. It's just too personal  
**The Worst Advice My Mother Ever Gave Me Was:** To grow up  
**People Who Knew Me In High School Thought I Was:** Non-existent  
**My Most Irrational Act Is:** Joining *The Greydog*; meeting Jim and Michael Kennelly  
**My Most Irrational Fear Is:** Getting a date with the hairy guy at the printer  
**When I'm Feeling Sorry For Myself I:** Sulk until someone makes me feel better  
**Nobody Would Believe It If They Saw Me:** In a perpetual good mood  
**The Worst Time Of My Life:** Was when I opened my mid-term grades  
**The Best Time Of My Life:** Was I haven't had it yet  
**My Favorite Toy Is:** My Opus doll



# The Greyhound: "How do those kids do it?"

by T. Na

So, . . . you all were probably thinking that there wasn't going to be a Greyhound this week, eh? Ha! Ha! April Fool's! This issue is our favorite one to plan at the office, because we don't have to worry about being serious. We can let typos slip by unnoticed and grammatical errors can be let out of the paper. (We do that, anyway.)

Just in case you were wondering, "How the hell do those Greyhound people do it (the paper)?", here's the answer: very carefully.

First of all, we have to get story ideas, then we make our staff reporters write the stories and THEN, when all of the stories have been edited and typed by trusty Greyhound typists, when they come in, the fun REALLY begins. And I mean fun with a capital "F". Now it's time to lay it all out on the table (the paper).

The copy comes out of the smelly machine in Maryland Hall in rolls of paper. When copy gets to the office, our mature and calm collected editors claw each other because everyone's trying to finish section before the break of dawn, for once. O.K. So then we take what is called an exacto. It's a razor blade connected onto a steel pen-like handle. Let me tell ya, that sucker's really sharp too. One time I ripped my finger open with the thing in a single swipe. Yes, sometimes the pressure on Thursday nights does get to even the most professional people down here in the office.

So then, you have to cut the copy up by placing a ruler along the side of the copy and Z-Z-Z-I-I-P-P. One side of the column is hacked off and then you go for the other side.

Then you go over to the waxer machine. By placing the copy between spinning wheels coated with hot wax, ooooooh . . . HOT, you pull it out and blow on it for a little while until the wax is dry.

Now, if you're not trampled upon in the process of walking over to your flat, a big piece of paper with blue lines on it, you place the copy down onto the flat and size it up, trying to make

sure that your copy is straight. If you're really good at laying your copy out, then everything will be just fine.

Sometimes you can get a little crazy umop əpɪsdn ɪ ɹeɪ pue . . . or side ways

O.K., so the next step is making sure that you have enough copy to fit in the space that you've managed to steal from Terri, the ad ogre (huh!) If you're lucky, then you won't have any problems. But if you're S.O.L., well, then you have to stretch everything out . . . slicing up innocent paragraphs. . . line by line . . . step by step . . . trying to make the best out of the hellhole that you've found yourself in.

BUT, don't forget your pictures!!! You have to be very, very careful that you don't slice off someone's head or other body parts. Then you trim the pics in fun stuff called zip tape. I LOVE tape. We have a whole mess of it hanging up on the wall in the features office. We have Billy Idol zip tape, and Madelyn zip tape, wave tape, scotch tape, and many more.

Now, it's time for the headline. This can be pretty tuff. You have to think up a title that really "looks good." God help you if you ever make the stoopid mistake of calling the Black Students Association's fashion show story, "Getting ready for a little shine and music".

Well, we're almost finished laying out one story. Now it's time for a beer.

When you come back, you have to do the same thing over again. It may take you a little while because you have to stop from time to time to get a Coke or something a little more civilized, like going to the bathroom. (Did you know that the girls on the Greyhound use the men's room late at night?)

Finally, when everyone has gone home, and the sky is turning into a dusty blue, the fearless and weary-eyed news editor and her faithful sidekick, the managing editor rev up the ol' Dodge Dart and book for Westminster.

## Rockers unite to support P.O.R.N.

by Apollonia K.

The music industry has again mobilized to eradicate a major social problem: blatant sex in society. Proceeds from the forthcoming LP, P.O.R.N. (People Outraged over Rampant Nudity), will benefit two new and worthwhile institutions, the Larry Flint Rehabilitation Center and the Hugh Hefner Stroke Clinic.

The gathering of phenomenal artists to erase overt sex includes some of today's hottest stars. Prince contributes rewritten versions of "Controversy," "Erotic City," and "Sexuality." The new songs, "Celibacy," "Neurotic City," and "Sexuality (After Marriage)," will appear on this album and on future pressings of his previous works. Prince says this is only the beginning of his new commitment to discreet sexuality and will be followed by a revamping of his lifestyle. Prince will change his name to Clyde, stop his bodyguards from beating photographers, and be completely faithful to his true love, darling Nikki.

Madonna also appears on the benefit LP, despite her image of an insatiable sex kitten. She is willing to risk the wrath of her male fans because "This is a cause of extreme importance." Joined by Wendy O. Williams and Vanity, Madonna will sing the poignant "I wish I were a virgin again."

P.O.R.N. encourages smut-haters of all musical tastes to buy this album and support its cause. Heavy metal is represented by Social Diseases, a group featuring members of Van Halen, Scorpions, AC/DC, Quiet Riot, Triumph, and many others. Their offerings, "Sex Sucks" and "Leather Leaves Too Many Scars," are bound to become rock classics.

P.O.R.N., produced by Pat Boone and Donny Osmond for Moral Majority Records, will be available at finer head shops and erotic boutiques near you on Monday. The album will be followed by a nationwide tour and a full length video titled "The Making of PORN." Please come support this endeavor.

## Plans for the future

The most important thing to realize after four years of college is that your not unique. There are thousands of toehr aspiring youths right behind struggling to graduate too. A world that insults and holds numerous opportunities awaits everyone who can get their hands on a diploma. Thus a new feature COLUMN is born. PLANS FOR THE FUTURE will share the advice and Plan of Loyola Seniors as they approach the exit into the "Real World."

SENIOR: Brian Graham  
Major: English  
Brian's mother and father live in Rockville Maryland and he was voted most likely to go bankrupt at Senior 100's night. And NOW the interview:

ME: "Brian if you had to pass on some advice to the undergraduates or upcoming freshmen what would it be?"

BRIAN: "Have a good time. Take up the violin, learn culinary expertise. Become a master of the theatre and smoke OLD GOLD cigarettes. Elvis did."

ME: "Any plans for next year?"

BRIAN: "Become a Good Humor Man"

ME: "Really?"

BRIAN: "You're damn right. Free ice cream."

ME: "Gonna get married?"

BRIAN: "Married? To who?"

ME: "I don't know. Anybody."

BRIAN: "Yea, me and Brooke Shields are pretty tight but we are waiting till she graduates."

ME: "Was college worth the \$24,000?"

BRIAN: "Is that how much it was? Yea, it was. A VOLVO TURBO 760 GL wouldn't have been bad either."

ME: "Do you want to be president some day?"

BRIAN: "President of what? Of Good Humor. Yea."

ME: "Still want to be a lawyer?"

BRIAN: "Heh-heh-heh-heh. That was when I was young and ambitious. I gotta few grey hairs now."

ME: "Are you a more well-rounded person after four years at a liberal arts college?"

BRIAN: "Yea, I gained a couple a pounds. I went to the nurse today and the scale hit 167."

ME: "That about wraps it up. Thanks for the interview."

BRIAN: "Don't print this interview."

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# Nerd? Jim Kennelly?

Oh my gosh, well bÿ now you have heard all about it, I mean the news is everywhere. And I suppose this is no place to rehash it, but, well, a girl has got to do what a girl has to do.

It all started that one night, and I know you know which night I mean...the kind of night where the moon is really high and crawly things are like giving you creeps.

I suppose I should just give it to you straight, at least that is what he said. It was just horrible.

Two sweet, unsuspecting editors innocently standing around Shanes and he had to walk in.

Nerd of all nerds! Hairy back and low slung Levi's, you've seen the look. And, well, he said he wanted to take us to this really hopping spot called Nards (not to be confused with Nerds) Rock and Roll Review.

Gag me! Gross me out! Barf city! Yuck. Yuck. Yuck. The entire sky went grey.

Grey? Jim Kennelly has grey hair? What has that got to do with this? Nerd? Jim Kennelly? Never.

This, this...well, *beast* went so far as to suggest that we have HOT PEPPERS! Hot peppers on our subs! I thought only nerds put hot peppers on subs.

What? Jim Kennelly hot? What does that have to do with this? Nerd? Jim Kennelly? Never.

By the time we go out of that place we were in mass hysteria...major transit action to the door let me tell you! Va-varoom up the road, four-on-the-floor like big time.

Mass hysteria? Like the mass hysteria Jim Kennelly was in when he lost the election and the talent show was replaced with "Wheel...Of Fortune!" Nerd? Jim Kennelly? Maybe.



## Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Susan Winchurch
Managing Editor	Carolyn Davis
News Editor	Colleen Lilly
Co-Features Editor	Tina Carignano
Co-Features Editor	Madelyn Scarpulla
Editorial Page Editor	Jim Vitano
Sports Editor	Beth Wagner
Photography Editor	Holly Hall
Business Manager	Terri Ciofalo
Production Manager	Michael Avia
Assistant News Editor	Tom Lewis
Assistant Sports Editor	Mike Kennelly
Advisor	Andrew Ciofalo

Cartoonist: Kerry McIntyre

Photographers: Ann Taylor

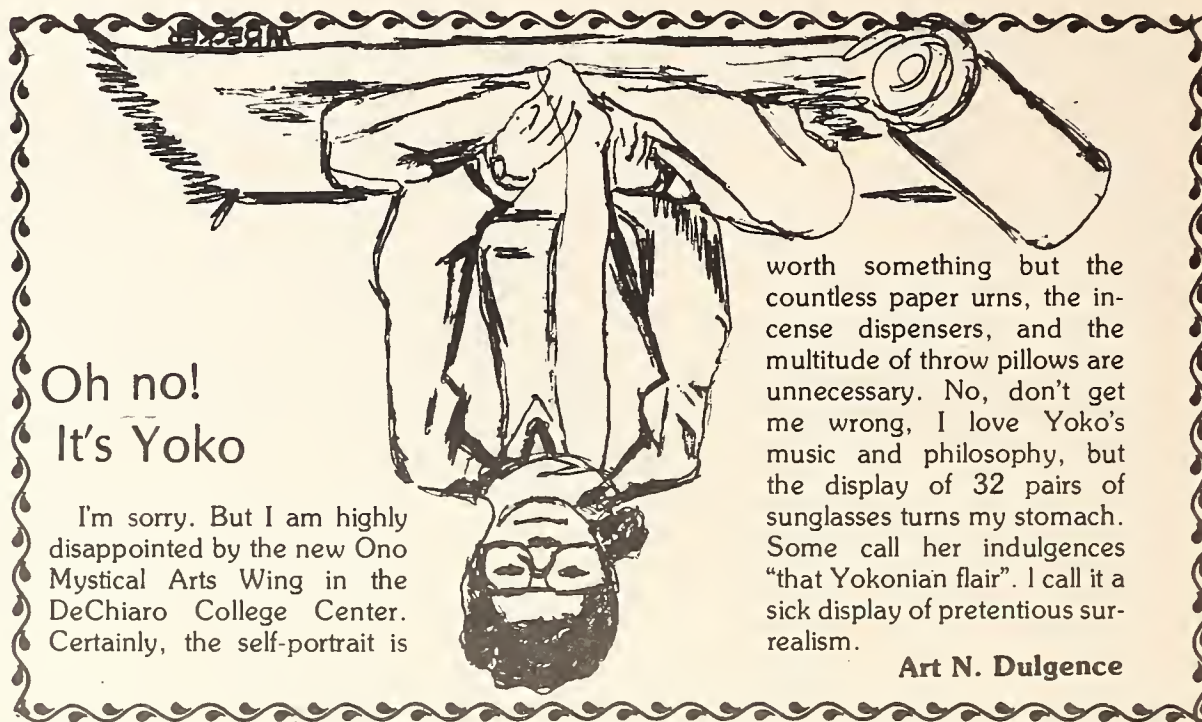
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## Boredom



Oh no!  
It's Yoko

I'm sorry. But I am highly disappointed by the new Ono Mystical Arts Wing in the DeChiaro College Center. Certainly, the self-portrait is

worth something but the countless paper urns, the incense dispensers, and the multitude of throw pillows are unnecessary. No, don't get me wrong, I love Yoko's music and philosophy, but the display of 32 pairs of sunglasses turns my stomach. Some call her indulgences "that Yokonian flair". I call it a sick display of pretentious surrealism.

Art N. Dulgence

## Letters to the Editor

### Yet more thanks for a great basketball season

Now that the basketball season is over and we have become yet another victim of Georgetown's charge ot the top, I would like to thank everyone I can think of.

First, I would like to thank the Loyola Dogs for their pots and pans and stuff. I'm sure they did something or other relating to the team's success. They created a vast swelling of support in the student body--by a poll, almost twice

as many students care about the basketball team as care about the ASLC, the Unicorn, and the Juggling Club put together!

I'd like to thank The Greyhound for giving us our own basketball section by dumping all those articles about other stupid sports which nobody cares about anyway. Now, if we could get the editorials page to...

I'd like to thank the Pep

Band--you do a great job, Manny, Moe, and Jack.

I'd like to thank the ASLC, but I don't think they had anything to do with the team.

Most of all, I'd like to thank the Academy and all the little people who made this movie possible

Art E. Choke,  
Director of Sports Propaganda

### The escort service: helping more than students

Hats off to Loyola College Security and the campus escort service! Two Friday evenings ago, I had to go to that big high rise, Wynnewood and make my way into an apartment on the eighth floor. On the way over, the security guard was friendly and courteous and kept me entertained with light conversation. When we final-

ly arrived at the apartment I wished to enter, I realized that I had forgotten my keys. Lucky for me, the security guard had a pass key and let me in. It was dark and I wasn't yet accustomed to the place, so he found the light switch. Furthermore, and I didn't know the escort service included this, when I told him I was moving to another apart-

ment across campus, the security guard helped me carry some of the heavier things, stereo television, and cash to my car. All in all, it proved to me that the escort service provides service with a smile. A side note: I love my new stereo equipment.

Name withheld  
upon request

### Apathy again, but who cares?

I am amazed at the apathy I see about the student government. Don't Loyola students care about their ASLC? The ASLC works very hard on whatever it is they do, and they have done many wonderful things, like, um. Er. Huh. Ah, hum. Well, uh--

oh yeah! The Directory! That's right, they got out the student directory only five months behind schedule--a whole month faster than the college center! Students should pay attention to the ASLC, especially because it switches officers faster than a banana

republic. So, you should (yawn) think about the um, um, student government and have less of this (yawn) apathy and stuff mutter ZZZZZZZ.....

Name withheld  
upon apathy

### The College Center steps are icky poo

You know what's really ugly on Evergreen Campus? Those fluorescent blue railings by the College Center. What a lousy color! Why do you put it so close to the cafeteria where people are eating? The chains are ugly,

to--that green paint looks just like that slime from Ghostbusters. Donnelly Science Center is ugly, too--paint it black and it'd look just like Darth Vader's fortress or something. Xavier Hall is a joke--I say it's a toolshed, and

an ugly toolshed too. And have you seen some of those students lately? Ecchh! I think the whole college is ugly and we should burn it down.

A concerned student

### An unsolicited endorsement

I think your Greyhound is great! It is always so entertaining and informative. In fact, I would say it's the best

newspaper I've ever read. I especially like your letters section. You should pay the fine person who runs it.

Name withheld  
on request



## Going off, Et Tu Brute?

You know, often when I find myself becoming inordinantly agitated, I desire to ease my palpatating heart with my violin and some cognac. Yes, I simply take a bottle of cognac, down it and

### Danny J. Brezcki



smash the bottle over my head. Then like any normal guy I want my music, so I get out my violin and smash it against the walls of my simple abode. Boy, does that get my blood flowing. Well, I don't know about you, but at a moment like that I gotta have

women! Not just a woman but a whole plethora of women! Women to take dryer rides with, women to hug and smooch, women, to soothe the savage beast, moi, that is.

You see, that's why you're apathetic my dear Horatio! The fault lies not in our stars but in ourselves! Our lack of drinking, our lack of smooching our lack of appreciation of fine music are why we are apathetic! I make it a solemn duty to stay involved. I get involved in school, in ASLC, and in many, many different women.

I deeply believe that there is an intrinsic value in going off.

Whether it be a simple but expressive aria or smashing my skull against somebody elses, one needs expression and soothing of passion. You know what I'm getting at? Superb.

**Danny J. Brezcki is a fantasy we create about people and places as we'd like them to be.**

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## Politics

## Come November vote Bovine not Platypus

A recent *Horse Illustrated* magazine poll found that first-time voters aged 10 and 12 prefer President McDonald to Wally Cleaver by anastonishing .45 point margin, 6.3 percent to 1.8 percent. These people have witnessed the presidencies of Jimmy Durante and Ronald McDonald. It is quite clear which one they prefer. We in the Bull Moose Party extend

reductions. We support the forces of Boris and Natasha worldwide, from the KAOS powers of Mattel to the fledgling democracy in Romper Room.

Here at home, our party encourages Chia-pet growth and opportunity for all by advocating free sex and limited contraception. At the same time we support a hair net of fine mesh for the truly unruly.

We champion the preservation of the traditional gaberdine fabric of our society by opposing the tragedy of Kathryn Robinson, upholding nudity and backing tough anti-mom and anti-apple pie legislation. We believe in traditional *Greyhound* values, not in the family of Big Mama.

Mr. Cleaver calls the Platypus Party a "mirror of Beav." Their mirror is really a window—we can see right through them! The lunatic fringe which now controls their ice box has, as President

McDonald says, gone so far left, they've left. The party of such notable leaders as Freddie the Frog, Henrietta Hippo, and Charlie the Owl seems to have forgotten Doug and Emmy Jo. Ronald McDonald did not leave the Platypus in the 1960's so much as they left him.



As we approach dyslexia day, the poles show approximately one-third of Platypus supporting the President. The GOOPS now numbers about 2.8 percent of the population,

up 40 percent from 1980. In *Greyhound-land*, where Platypus outnumber GOOPS two (two) mints to one, .05 percent of all new voters are registering GOOP. A great number of these are orangutangs.

Many Platypustic youth organizations, even here in Bunny-land, will try to persuade you that Ronald McDonald is somehow against your hamburgers. Maybe they just can't stomach the beef of the nations' youngest cows herding in mass numbers behind 73-year-old Clara Peller. Maybe they just can't stand seeing cows prefer waving the flag to burning it. Maybe they are just envious that the GOOPS have a real bull who inspires hate and disgust in American cattle. Whatever, the cut, such assassination attempts at undermining Peller's support will prove Dalton's Atomic Theory.

We in the Great Odorous

Onion Party welcome with open mouths those Platypitic fowl who are disenchanted with the ultraliberal "leadership" of Cleaver/Meat Cleaver. As GOOP keynote speaker Katherine Robinson said, "Pay no attnetion to that man behind the curtain." Cleaver was fond of quoting the Wendy's ad, "Where's the Chia-pet?" We prefer the old Alka-Seltzer ad, "Try it, you'll like it!" Join us in voting for The Grimace, The Hamburger, and promiscuity by casting your ballot for Ronald McDonald and joining the New Zoo Revue.

The future belongs to the bovine creatures. Together we can graze, secure in the knowledge that we too shall realize the dream that is Holly Farms.

God Bless Doug! God Bless Emmy Jo! (sneeze!) God Bless you! God Bless me!

**Steve Wiseowl is a little confused**

### Steve Wiseowl

an open invitation to all young rhinos who are concerned about the future of Pooh Corner.

We are a party that believes in strong and lasting nose horns without compromising our precious swizzlesticks. The GOOP favors an effective national disease and a strong nuclear detergent, while still striving for legs

## Hair Care

## What's Jose Eber got to do with it

People are constantly asking me, "Tina, what is the key to your success?" I tell them that it's my hair. You see, until I changed my hair style, I was, how should I put it, doing the kind of lounge work appropriate to Dominique Devereux. Then theses people ask me for helpful hints. Frankly, it's happened so fre-

Someone tuned me into Jose Eber. He consented to do my hair. He had the time. I thought, you know that I should try it with Jose because he works so hard, and so long, and he's so tedious. I mean I haven't got the kind of hair finesse that that man has in his baby ponytail. That's just a total compliment to professionalism, his ability as a creator. So, I got to Jose's mansion on the hill. He said, "Tina, you no have time for your hair. You play with it. We give you something quick and easy."

Well, frankly, I was disillusioned. After Jose finished "playing with it" I looked like Abe Vigoda. Nothing personal against Mr. Vigoda. He is a friend of mine. But

afterall, I did not want a cut that would invite dead horseheads into my bed.

As I waited for my hair to grow back, I said to myself, "Tina, you are an indepen-



dent woman. Take these hair matters into your own hands." I experimented. I used bouncin' shampoos, behavin' shampoos, and I drank beer shampoos. But non worked. Then I concocted my own. I put in soap, astringents, Biz, Lanacane, Tuna Twist, and some sweet & Low. Now I accomplished smelling funny. Then it hit me, well, like a ton of my own hair. It was not what went in to the hair but the body of the hair itself that mattered.

While I was touring America, I met up with an old friend of mine, Ida May Bourgeois, in Debukey. I went to high school with Ida May and we'd kept in touch ever since. Well, anyway, Ida was working in the Debukey Science Center. (Some of

you have already guessed.) While I was visiting she had a class of fifth graders touring the center. I saw the strangest thing. One youngster was touching something with electric current, and her hair stood on end. My first instinct was to run over and save the child from peril, but Ida assured me that it was a safe amount of voltage. After seeing that child's hair, I was set for life.

Now, every morning after flossing, I run 1,000 volts of electricity through my body, until I get the kind of body it needs. And it really has changed my outlook on life. Diannah Carroll, eat your heart out!

**Tina Turner is a rock singer whose hair makes her as tall as a cyclops.**

### Tina Turner

quently as to become aggravating. Therefore, I've elected to share my hair experience here and now.

My hair was in trouble. I mean it was alright for the 70's, but once I left Ike, well, I needed a new image.



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# Beloved 'Hound hospitalized

by Rover Reporter

●Loyola's own beloved Greyhound mascot has been hospitalized at the Shady Hill Doggie Rest Home. A team of specialists have announced that the school's admired hound is suffering from a rare case of distemper caused by the strange and isolated ECAC virus.

●Shady Hill sources have confirmed that the Greyhound was picked up on March 5, 1985 in the vicinity of a fire hydrant on the corner of Cold Spring Lane and York Road growling something about Fairleigh Dickenson and leaving a mess on their rug.

●A group of Loyola students have also been "detained". The "Dogs" were picked up by men in a little white coats when they were reported seen howling at the moon one evening in front of the DeChiaro College Center. The last time the Greyhound and the "Dogs" were seen before their internment was on the night of March 4 in the Rat after "the big game" and it was all down hill from there!

Also in the company of the canines was Joe Quinlan, Jr., director of sports information,

Tom O'Connor, director of athletics, Mark Amatucci, men's basketball team coach, and Chris Pika (no one is really sure what he does!). The men tried to leash the dogs, so as not to violate Baltimore leash laws, but eventually gave up and joined the animals in their

Amatucci was last seen wandering the city mumbling something about breaking recruitment rules and using steroids. As for Pika, well, no one really knows what he did! ●Back to the Greyhound. Veterinarians say he's resting comfortably, but tragically enough, has been horribly



The Greyhound - Before, in his hey day

destruction spree.

●Sources say that the rowdy bunch went swimming in the new pool after hours, used the racquetball courts without making a reservation 24 hours in advance and wore non-athletic shoes (with black soles, gasp!!) in designated areas.

●According to witnesses, Quinlan was last seen hunched over a burrito in a local Taco Bell moaning something about having a weak stomach. O'Connor has reportedly fled the college in disgrace when skid marks on the squash court were traced to his black-soled Nikes.

disfigured by his strange ailment. Plastic surgery is still a possible option, but doctors are not very hopeful. In the meantime, the "Dogs" have also been stricken, turning green and white and red all over.

●Loyola College President Joseph A. Sellinger commented on the Greyhound's condition in Shady Hill's lobby. "It's a travesty against his canine rights," he said. "The school and every Jesuit in the country is praying for him," Sellinger said, tears rolling down his face. God bless America, God bless the administration, God bless the Greyhound!!



Now - recuperating in Shady Hill Doggie Hospital

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## Amatucci named to Kentucky Post

by Brian Kissel

Loyola Athletic Director Tom O'Connor will announce today that men's basketball coach Mark Amatucci is leaving the school to succeed Joe B. Hall as head coach at the University of Kentucky. O'Connor is then expected to name team manager Chris Pika to replace Amatucci as the new Greyhounds coach.

"I hate to leave Loyola, especially considering the progress the program has made, but this is just an incredible opportunity," Amatucci stated. "Kentucky has a rich basketball tradition,

what with Joe Hall and the legendary Adolph Rupp the preceeding coaches. The alumni and fans are really enthusiastic, too. Hell, they live for Wildcats basketball." Amatucci was a surprise choice over such nationally-known coaches as Eddie Sutton of Arkansas and Gene Keady of Purdue. Assistant coaches Jeff Nix and Charles Reif will accompany Amatucci to Lexington to assume similar positions.

So the task of continuing the Greyhounds' rise to lofty Division I status falls to Pika, a sophomore student and one of Loyola's team managers for the past two seasons.

"From manager to head coach is a big step in just one year, but we have a great deal of confidence in Chris," O'Connor said. "He knows the program inside and out—the players, the athletic office personnel, everything." "It's a little unorthodox, but I think I can handle it," Pika remarked. "It can't be that much harder than managing. I know these guys (the players), I've seen what they can do. I think the real challenge will be in recruiting. I've already looked into Kirk Lee and the Dozier brothers at Dunbar. If we get them to come here, watch out." Pika has named his former co-

managers Pete Hock and Mary Jo Butteroff as assistant coaches.

And what do the players think of the sudden coaching change? "I'm pleased for Coach (Amatucci)," said Kevin Carter. "He'll do well at Kentucky. Chris, well, Chris has a great feel for this team. I'm looking forward to playing for him." "He'll keep us heading in the right direction, commented Tom Gormley. "We almost made it (to the NAAs) this year. Maybe Chris will help us get over the hump." "Who's going to be the manager?" asked David Gately.

As Pika unpacks his bags

for his first major coaching job, Amatucci packs his for Bluegrass Country. "I feel confident leaving Chris the reigns to this program. I'm proud of what we were able to do in just three years here. With the new arena and the players coming back, Chris should do just fine. He was the first one I thought of to replace me. I wish him all the best." "I hope we can schedule a Kentucky-Loyola game at Reitz," Pika said. "Easy" Lee is right—it will be interesting.

## Seadogs drown

by Ethel Merman

The Loyola Seadogs died painfully and tragically last week in their wet new home—the pool in the new DeChiaro College Center.

The well-known and beloved group of angry students stormed the pool, outraged by the limited hours allotted for student swimming.

Head Coach Kym Stine was heard to say "HELP! I

can't tread water!" as the enraged mob heaved her into the deep end.

Director of Sports Information, Joe Quinlan came on the violent scene and reprimanded the student group for smoking in the pool and wearing black soled non-athletic shoes. Quinlan was promptly doused.

There was, however, one survivor of the tragic incident. Swim team member Ann Rolfes is now "resting" and

has made it her duty to campaign for fair but excessive coverage of the late Seadogs.

In honor of the former swim team, a memorial service will be held on the pool bleachers. Speakers will include Quinlan, who is no worse for the wear, although a little prune, maybe, and former Head Basketball Coach Mark Amatucci, who is considering taking the place of late swimming coach Stine.

"I want to see the swim

team get the overblown coverage they want," said Amatucci. "Basketball is not important and gets all together too much media coverage...especially in *The Greyhound*. Things are going to change around here."

And change they will. New innovations include the changing of the school's mascot from the Greyhound dog to the Seadog (whatever that is!) We think it's a cross between a sea otter and President Sel-

linger's dog Kelly. Changes will be seen, for example, on letter heads. The athletic department's stationary will now feature our own little otter swimming across the page. And of course, the most notable change will surface (ha ha) in Loyola's student newspaper, which, yes, you guessed it, will become *The Seadog*.

## Basketball who needs it?!

by Duck Pinn

There has been a lot of ruckus lately about *The Greyhound's* coverage of men's basketball. The editors have discussed the issue extensively and have decided that you, the reader, are right. Basketball...what is it anyway? A bunch of tall guys running up and down the court giving each other "high

five's" when they manage to throw a ball in a metal hoop. Big deal!!

Now it's time for something new. That's right Loyola. You have a bowling team! Bowling is the sport of the eighties and Loyola is in the forefront of the college bowling scene. Construction has begun in the new DeChiaro College Center on a massive 24 lane bowling complex. As usual, students will have very, very,

VERY limited access to the facility.

Tom O'Connor, director of athletics at Loyola, is thrilled with the prospect of a championship college bowling team. "I can't wait to put all those trophies in my office," he said. "It's gonna be soooo neat!"

Announcement has been made that the 1985-1986 bowling team captain will be sophomore Chris Tepe. Tepe

was chosen on the basis of his love for the game and the fact that he wears bowling shoes to class.

Tepe has extensive plans for his team. "It's gonna be soooo neat!" he said. "We're gonna beat the stuffing out of those other teams...we have green and gray bowling shoes, you know."

The athletic department has been planning many open season events to

prompt student support. These include the gala opening season ball, not subsidised, of course, the extravagant opening season mixer, anyone dressed as a bowling pin or ball gets in free, and of course the opening of the new Seadog Lane Bowling Alley.

So come out, Loyola and, show everyone that we've got balls!

## Bowling comes to Loyola

## Ruggers—the missing link?

by Pat McGroin

In one of the most humanitarian gestures to date, the entire Loyola College Men's Rugby Club have donated themselves to science. Their unselfish act will go to further research in the area of human development.

Hearing of the on-going search for the "missing link"

between human and animal Rugby club ex-president Joe Troy was the first to volunteer his services. Said Troy, "When some guy told me about this missing link stuff, I felt something...deep. Ya know, it was kinda like an innate attraction."

After hearing of Troy's selfless act, other club members were swift to follow suit. Ed Pryor, Loyola's prized fly-half was also moved to

donate himself to science. "I always wanted to do something great." Up to this point, being a Loyola Rugger was the highlight of Pryor's life.

As it became apparent that the majority of the team members were donating themselves to science, the club took a vote and decided to make it an official Rugby Club Event. Said Rugger Steve Sireci, "This could, like,

be an annual event, ya know?. Each year, all the students could, like, give us a "Goodbye Beer Bash." Of course, we'll have to wait til the end of the season so that we don't miss any games."

With his usual benevolence, Father Joseph Sellinger has offered to provide free bus transportation for the whole team to Shepard Pratt, where the initial research will be conducted.

Said Sellinger, "I'll do anything to help those ruggers get off campus."

The only member of the team not to join the effort was ASLC treasurer Danny Asparagus. His reasoning, "It would be fun—but I'd miss a lot of parties. Besides, the only thing I keep missing are classes!"